

READING MAGAZINES: EXPLORING LANGUAGE

Magazines use different types of language depending on what they are trying to say and who they are trying to say it to. Read the extracts below. How many unusual or eye catching words or phrases can you spot? What type of magazine do you think the extracts come from? Who do you think they are written for?

1. Draw a table like the one below and fill it in with as much information as you can!

Word or phrase	What does it mean?	Type of magazine	Type of audience
<i>Hunky fellas</i>	<i>Handsome men</i>	<i>Teenage</i>	<i>Teenagers (girls?)</i>
<i>Cardi</i>			

2. Find more examples of interesting language from other magazines.

CLOBBER DE COCKER

After his 'duet' with Michael Jackson, Jarvis Cocker has suggested that he was really arrested because the police were after his cardi! Well, it's not just the old bill who are interested in The Jarv's geek chic. The Jarv will soon be pulping and posing as *Desire's* roving reporter bringing us hot news from the fashion front.

While nuff people outside the game reckon being a top footy star is the greatest job in the world, MATCH can exclusively reveal that the Manchester United players would grovel to differ. They have to wear stoopid baggy shorts and sport dodgy hairdos like David Beckham. Oh, and of course, marry Spice Girls .. it's tough at the top!

Who's hot

Prince William may well be picking up the prestigious Bachelor Of The Year award. Will has been chosen along with 49 other hunky fellas by readers of top magazine *Sugar*. Before the winner is chosen, each fella has to reveal what being in love is all about. Do we think he will?

ALL AT SEA

Leonardo di Caprio could be heading for stardom with the release of his new movie Titanic. The flick has already been called the disaster movie of the century cos of its great special effects. Even if it's a dud the sight of di Caprio makes it worth watching!

Alan Partridge is probably the most successful of Steve Coogan's creations. With his side-parted, slicked-down hair, Pringle pullovers and man-from-the-mail-order-catalogue jacket and tie, and his excruciating, cringe-making social incompetence, he is awe-inspiringly awful.

One hour ago, I was nudging 200mph on a desert highway in a Jaguar XJ220, giving the fat cat some serious stick. We weren't exactly racing but it was impossible to come out of a round-about without mashing the Jag's heavy duty throttle into its equally heavy duty carpet and feeling those turbos start to sing their alto tunes. It was the first time I'd driven the big Brit bruiser and it was a lot better than I thought it would be.